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*The Great Grey King*  
*Samuel Valentine Cole*

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With the regards of  
Samuel V. Cole

Oct. 31, 1914



# THE GREAT GREY KING

## and Other Poems Old and New

BY

SAMUEL VALENTINE COLE

Author of "In Scipio's Gardens and Other  
Poems," "The Life That Counts," etc.



BOSTON  
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY  
1914

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**TO  
HER DEAR MEMORY**





## NOTE

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## *AD MUSAM*

O Muse, we are so many! Everywhere  
The land seems full of us; and thou couldst spare  
    The most, no doubt, completely;  
Ay, were the tuneful tribe all swept away —  
Such folk we are! — the people, I dare say,  
    Would take it very sweetly.

But still we sing, or chirp, or utter some wild call,  
And hover around thy golden mountain,— all,  
    From eagles down to swallows.  
O Muse, thou must be weary! Dared I ask  
Thy benediction on so slight a task,  
    I'd ask about as follows:

Blow hitherward a little breath of song;  
Don't blow too powerful, nor blow too long;  
    And, in the strain I borrow,  
Set two or three sweet notes that on the air  
Will not die wholly, but will unaware  
    Return again tomorrow.





## **THE GREAT GREY KING**



## THE GREAT GREY KING

1800-1900

THE Great Grey King, the latest and best of  
his line, spake thus,

Having reigned over all the earth in glory  
a hundred years:

“My work is finished to-day; and, lo, I must  
pass away

To the Silent Fields, evermore as a king  
among my peers.”

They praised him, the Great Grey King,  
through his realm to the far off lands:

“His work and his fame stand sure, what-  
ever the years may bring;”

And there came and bowed the knee his serv-  
ants in their degree,

Saying, “Give us, before you go, your  
blessing, O father, the king.”

“The Spirit of Water am I, who toil for the  
welfare of men;

You taught me to toil when I rise from my  
home in the rain and the snow —

To turn the great wheels, and to be the driver  
of ships on the sea,

And the lifter of burdens: O king, a bless-  
ing before you go.”

[1]

“ And I am the Spirit of Fire; I work, as you  
bade me, for men;  
Their manifold errands I take up and down  
in the earth, to and fro;  
A fleet-footed devil I seem, for I dash through  
the world like a gleam,  
And am here and am there all at once: a blessing  
before you go.”

“ And I am the Spirit of Search; I honestly  
seek the truth;  
A troubler of men who fear, but the helper  
of them that know;  
I found how the life of the sod has climbed the  
great ladder of God,  
And all things are linked into one: your  
blessing before you go.”

“ And I am the Spirit of Life; the letter is  
passing away;  
I live and I make alive; I raise what is fallen  
and low;  
For the sake of humanity's needs I break  
through the forms and the creeds  
With the truth that makes men free: the  
blessing before you go.”

So he lifted his withered hands o'er the heads  
of them there, and said:

“ Receive my blessing: behold, the Future  
stands at the door:

[2]

Go back to your work, and be true to the task  
I bequeath you to do:  
For the blessing of them that serve is ever  
to serve the more."

And he turned to the people, and said: "Ye  
see that my hand has brought  
The ends of the earth together and set them  
face to face.  
Learn, therefore, O great, and O small, that as  
God is the father of all,  
Ye all are one brotherhood,—all, whatever  
your land or race."

Then the Great Grey King, wrapped around in  
his glory under the stars,  
Became as a great grey mist, receding with  
noiseless tread,  
And solemnly passed away to wait for the Judgment Day  
In the Silent Fields with his peers; and another  
reigned in his stead.

## THE SWORD

A KEEN-EDGED sword in Somebody's hand;  
And keen the edge of the pain it brings;  
Long, long ago it thrust, and pricked,  
And prodded about at the roots of things.  
It searched and troubled the hollows dark,  
It troubles the world and stirs up strife,  
It troubles the beast of the field and man:  
The name of this troublesome sword is —  
Life.

The oyster lay like a lump content,  
Content with himself and his mud and slime;  
The sword thrust under him till at last  
He said, "There is nothing to do but climb."  
A million of years — for oysters are slow,  
And only ask to be let alone —  
He climbed; he climbed clean out of his shell,  
And, lo! was a fish with a good backbone.

The fish was happy; the fish loved ease,  
And lazily paddled the summer sea,  
With never a thought of his home in the mud,  
And never a dream of what must be.  
But pain ran through him, he knew not why;  
The sword was there in Somebody's hand;  
It pricked him once from the slime to the sea,  
It pricked him now from the sea to the land.

He stood a beast with four great feet,  
And a yard of tail to follow him round;  
Content he was with a beast's content  
To eat and drink and lie on the ground.  
But the sword was after him still, and still  
The old pain racked as it racked before;  
The ease he loved seemed never so far,  
And all he could do was to climb some more.

For many and many a myriad years  
The poor beast climbed; the way was blind;  
He wore his yard of tail to a stump,  
Then dropped the stump in the woods behind.  
His paws grew hands, and he stood erect;  
One morning, the sun just over the brink,  
There flashed a spark through his beastly brain,  
And he said, "I'm a man, for I can think!"

And man loves ease; the Lord knows that;  
For oyster and fish and beast combine  
To smother his new-born soul of fire  
And drag it back to the earth and the brine.  
But pain and trouble take hold on man;  
The terrible sword doth prick and prod;  
He finds no peace, for there is no peace  
For man till he reaches the utmost — God.



## COÖPERATION

### I

"COME," said the little Ether-Atoms,  
"Let us cling together and march together;  
Millions and millions and millions are we;  
Let us form and march like the waves of the  
sea.

With shoulder to shoulder, hand linked in  
hand,

Line behind line of us, here we stand!  
Steady, there! Wait for the word of com-  
mand.

Steady, my comrades! Is everything right?  
Now, all as one of us, into the night!"  
So they clung together and marched together,  
And the world was filled with light.

### II

"Come," cried the little Vibrations-in-Air,  
"Let us cling together and work together,  
Starting not off on our separate tracks,  
But all within touch, that whatever each lacks  
The rest may supply, and that each, great or  
small,

May something contribute — to soar, run, or  
crawl —

Toward the one common end; there is work for  
us all;

And mingling our efforts, the weak with the  
strong,  
Break we a path through the silence along!"  
So they clung together and helped one another,  
And the world was filled with song.

### III

"Now," whispered the children of men on earth,  
"Let us cling together, and work together,  
And help one another, and turn our words  
Into golden action, and sheathe our swords!  
Let us tunnel the mountain, span the plain,  
Stretch hands to each other across the main,  
And each man's wealth be for all men's gain;  
Then unto his neighbor let every one  
Say, 'Be of good courage,' and let the word  
run."  
So they clung together, and lo, as in heaven,  
His will upon earth was done!

## LINCOLN

WHENCE came this man? As if on the wings  
Of the winds of God that blew!  
He moved, undaunted, mid captains and kings,  
And, not having learned, he knew!  
Was he son of the soil, or child of the sky?  
Or, pray, was he both? Ah me!  
How little they dreamed, as the storm rolled  
nigh,  
What he was, and was to be!

When trembled the lamps of hope, or quite  
Blew out in that furious gale,  
He drew his light from the Larger Light  
Above him that did not fail:  
Heaven-led, all trials and perils among,  
As unto some splendid goal  
He fared right onward, unflinching,— this  
strong,  
God-gifted, heroic soul!

We know him now — how noble his part,  
And how clear was his vision then!  
With the firmest hand and the kindest heart  
Of them all — this master of men!  
Of the pride of power or the lust of pelf,  
Oh, never a taint we find:  
He lost himself in the larger self  
Of his country and all mankind.

There are those called great, or good, by right,  
But as long as the long roll is,  
Not many the names, with the double light  
Of greatness and goodness, like his.  
Thrice happy the nation that holds him dear  
Who never can wholly die,  
Never cease to bestow of his counsel and cheer,  
As the perilous years go by!

For after the trumpets have ceased to blow,  
And the banners are folded away,  
And the stress and the splendor forgotten, we  
know,  
Of a truth, in that judgment day,  
That whatso'er else, in the Stream that rolls,  
May sink and be utterly gone,  
The souls of the men who were true to their  
souls  
Forever go marching on!

There are those whose like, it was somehow  
planned,  
We never again shall see;  
But I would to God there were more in the  
land  
As true and as simple as he,—  
As he who walked in our common ways,  
With the seal of a king on his brow;  
Who lived as a man among men his days,  
And belongs to the ages now!

## THE PASSING OF SPAIN FROM THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE

THE Lord communed with His heart in heaven  
And said: "It has been my way  
To cancel at last the men or the states  
That sin and disobey.  
Four hundred years I have waited,— four,  
And still they are starved and slain:  
That my name on earth be revered more,  
Shall I make an end of Spain? "

For the prayers rolled up about His throne,  
Like a cloud, from every side;  
And vast the cloud of witnesses  
The souls of those who had died.  
Columbus himself was there; said he:  
"I found her the virgin lands  
Of half the world; she found for me  
The chains upon my hands."

And the souls of her best citizens came,  
Five hundred thousand strong,  
To tell of the Inquisition fires  
And all that giant wrong.  
And the souls of the sons of the Netherlands  
came  
And said 'twas thus and thus:  
"Remember Philip and Alva's shame —  
Lord, how they butchered us!"

And the souls of the slain, from far away  
In Mexico and Peru,  
Cried to the Power that seeks and saves,  
“Good Lord, the charge is true!”  
And the souls of them that suffered and fell  
In the islands of the main,  
Thousands on thousands, came to swell  
The awful guilt of Spain.

Then said the Lord in His great sad heart:  
“It shall no more endure;  
If I rise in my might and make an end,  
My justice stands secure.”  
And He motioned the seraphs that do His word,  
To fly to the earth and do;  
And the flaming seraphs that bear the sword,  
In silence bowed, and flew.

They said as they flew: “The earth is His  
To save, not the devil’s to mar;  
Some things are better than money is,  
And some things worse than war.”  
The messengers, while on they swept,  
Cried: “Fear not; it is well;  
For this kind goeth not out except  
By sword and shot and shell.”

At last the darkening shadow drew  
Across the morning sun:  
A shiver, as if presaging doom,  
Throughout the world did run.

[11]

And when the cloud, so big with dread,  
Broke over Manila's bay,  
The far-off nations, whispering, said:  
"Hush! Spain is passing away."

Down through the Windward Passage, round  
The sweep of the southern seas,  
The cloud belched forth of its righteousness  
To heal sin's long disease.  
For hither and thither they swiftly went  
Who ne'er bear sword in vain,  
And to heaven and earth their mission meant  
The passing away of Spain.

When they sheathed the sword, and the guns  
grew cold,  
And the desolate Isle was free;  
When the ships that carried the fragments off  
Put sullenly forth to sea,—  
The eyes of every people and land  
Watched — silent and awed at the plain  
Irresistible pressure of God's right hand —  
The passing away of Spain.

## THE IDLE WORD

We did not spare to speak him ill  
But yesterday, as one might do  
If it were only I or you;  
And now the breath of blame is still.

O strife of creeds, and party cry,  
And every voice dividing men,  
God sends a silence through you when  
His great dark angel passes by!

Were we quite sure of all we said?  
We would not say or think it now;  
In penitence our heads we bow;  
We know him — after he is dead.

Well may the tears of sorrow fall;  
Perhaps he had a larger part  
Than you or I, in his great heart,  
With One of old who died for all.

And where the guilt? Ah, who shall say  
How near to some well meaning one  
The tangled thread of cause may run?  
For tongue and pen have power to slay.

Who knows that idle words and vain,  
Flung off like arrows in the dark,  
May never somewhere strike the spark  
That fires to crime an idle brain?



But it is done, and all is o'er;  
We shall not see his face again;  
We know he loved his fellow men,  
And loved his God: what would we more?

The clouds will clear; where shines afar  
That galaxy of good and great  
As pilot-beacons for the State,  
Look up and find another star.

## THE DEACON'S PRAYER

THE hymn had slowly died away;  
Then came the pause, and, while delayed  
The brethren to exhort or pray,  
The oldest deacon rose and prayed:  
"O Lord, thine erring ones we are;  
Perhaps we do not understand;  
And yet we feel that, near and far,  
There's need of danger in the land.

"Some things are safe that should not be;  
Mob-murder, bribery, the desire  
Of them, O Lord, who fear not Thee,  
To take away our food and fire.  
Because of safety overmuch,  
The wolves of commerce prowl and seize;  
Thy truth is dangerous unto such;  
Thy right, thy justice, send us these.

"And, Lord — we hesitate in this,  
So oft we err in speech and plan —  
We ask — forgive us if amiss —  
We ask Thee for some dangerous man.  
Was not thy servant, Lincoln, one —  
Him whom they hated so and slew?  
Recall thy servant, Washington;  
Thine enemies found him dangerous, too.

“ And we remember One, dear Lord,  
Who walked the ways of Galilee;  
He brought and left on earth a sword —  
None lives so dangerous as he!  
And, oh, we dare not pray this night  
For peace with sin, lest everywhere  
That sword of justice, truth, and right  
Lay on our path its awful glare!

“ Beat back the hosts of lawless might;  
Quench this accursed thirst for gold;  
And with the love of heaven smite  
The hearts that now seem hard and cold.  
Vouchsafe to us the power again  
To turn ‘ I ought ’ into ‘ I can,’  
‘ I can ’ into ‘ I will,’ and then  
Grant us, O Lord, some dangerous man.

“ Not one who merely sits and thinks,  
Looks Buddha-wise, with folded hands;  
Who balances, and blinks, and shrinks,  
And questions — while we wait commands!  
Who dreams, perchance, that right and wrong  
Will make their quarrel up some day,  
And discord be the same as song —  
Lord, not so safe a one, we pray!

“ Nor one who never makes mistakes  
Because he makes not anything;  
But one who fares ahead and breaks  
The path for truth’s great following;

Who takes the way that brave men go —  
Forever up stern duty's hill;  
Who answers 'Yes,' or thunders 'No,'  
According to thy holy will.

"We want a man whom we can trust  
To lead us where thy purpose leads;  
Who dares not lie, but dares be just —  
Give us the dangerous man of deeds!"  
So prayed the deacon, letting fall  
Each sentence from his heart; and when  
He took his seat the brethren all,  
As by one impulse, cried, "Amen!"

## THE FRIGATE "CONSTITUTION"

### I

THIS is the vessel that sailed away  
A hundred years ago;  
And this is the vessel, as all men know,  
That, ship for ship and man for man,  
Since the hour her great career began,  
Found never an equal in her day.  
The sea and the untamed powers of air  
Might smite against her and smite her bare,  
And the terrible war-voice round her roar —  
God knows how they roared, how they smote  
and tore

This child of 'ninety-seven!  
If she fled, it was only to win the fight;  
If she stayed, God pity her foeman's plight!  
Whatever the task the brave deemed right,  
She flinched not once, but held her face  
Full-front to the danger, and kept her place,  
And ever she kept the stars she bore  
Close to the stars of heaven.

Amid the silence of men oppressed  
She burst as a voice from out the West,  
And, by the awful speech she hurled,  
Shook the wide deep, and shook the land,  
And shook the thrones of the kings of the world,  
Because she spoke of the might of right,  
And spoke to them all of the growing light,

In a way they could hear and understand!  
She dared with the daring of those who die  
In noble endeavor, and that is why,  
Through smoke and flame and battle-roar  
And all that iron death could do,  
She ploughed her steadfast way so true,  
And never dropped the stars she bore,  
But always in place, near the stars of the sky,  
The banner of her country blew!

## II

“Constitution”—ominous name!  
Written so large on time’s hoar walls,  
And written in letters of blood and flame,  
And written to stand, whate’er befalls,  
For God hath written it. And to-day  
The old is weighed; it must pass away.  
Weighed and wanting. Break it afar,  
Break it to Kaiser and Sultan and Czar,  
That God hath purposed to make men free.  
The long, long-during wrongs that are  
Must yield to the rights that are to be,  
Till the world, and the world in its wideness  
then,  
Is owned and governed by common men.

Oh, speed the time when the old must fall,  
When the new shall rise and the old be done,  
When the million no more need serve the one  
Except as the one is servant of all!

Honor the vessel for her deeds and fame,  
Honor the deeds that touch cold hearts to flame,  
Honor the fame that lives and ever will,  
Honor the vessel that through good or ill  
Wrought only honor for her borrowed name.

### III

But who is this that comes forlorn \*  
Of sail and mast, battered and worn,  
And borne by a power not hers along,  
As age that is feeble by youth that is strong,  
An empty, ruinous, cumbersome shell,—  
Is this the vessel that wrought so well?

If, as the wise do ever hold,  
If it be life, true life, to give  
Even life's own self for noble ends,  
And, when the powers are spent, to live  
In that for which one gives and spends,  
Then better is the life grown old  
In such a service, though it creeps  
A silent shadow from place to place,  
Better, oh, better a thousand-fold  
Than that which hoards, and eats, and sleeps,  
Saves its dear self for self, and keeps  
The telltale freshness of its face.

\* The "Constitution" was towed back to Boston on  
the centenary of her launching.

And this spent life of hers is found,  
Regathered as a living power,  
Wherever freedom holds the ground,  
Or manhood rules the hour;  
Found in the laws that round us stand  
At every hearthstone in the land;  
Found in the lifted arm that bars  
The invader from our sacred shore;  
Ay, like that vanished ship of yore,  
Found in the imperishable stars!

#### IV

Oak and cedar and pine  
And iron and copper — were these the whole?  
Will dumb, dead things like these combine  
Ever, to make a ship of the line,  
Without the patriot sailor-soul?  
'T is the human touch alone that brings  
The life, and puts the tongue in things;  
And this old vessel, although the wreck  
And shadow of the power she was,  
Is full of eloquent voice because  
Of the men who trod her deck.  
The glory that is round her shed,  
All glory born of battles won —  
'T is not of ship, or sail, or gun;  
'T is of the man, when all is done,  
It is the man's, when all is said.



And it was men, O Ship of State,  
 That fashioned thee and made thee great,  
 And brought thee on thy perilous way,  
 Through storms against thy bulwarks hurled,  
 And left thee what thou art to-day,  
 The envy of the nations of the world!  
 But, O my country, great and fair,  
 Mark well the clouds that fill the air;  
 Shun the dark fate of them that dare  
 And care no more, that, with averted head,  
 Seek ease, and leave all glory with the dead!  
 Beware, beware, beware!  
 Beware the lust of office and of gold;  
 Breed men, strong men, like those strong men  
 of old —

Men whom base-born ambition can not lure,  
 Who sway not with the rabble's fickle mood,  
 But, steadfast in themselves, in motive pure,  
 Love more than self their country's common  
 good;

Men of that high, heroic altitude  
 Of purpose which is seen and known afar,  
 Large-minded, simple, patriotic men,  
 Who follow conscience ever like a star,  
 And lift a nation to its place again!

O ye, who lived a life so true  
 In days forever and ever gone,  
 But somewhere even now live on,

Come back, for we have need of you ;  
Come from your far-off land to-day,  
O noble great ones, come away,  
And meet and mingle with us here,  
Unseen, though held forever dear,  
And fill us with the heavenly fire  
Of aspiration and desire  
To do and dare and some day be  
Found worthy of your company.

VI

Oh, well for the land where voices break  
From mouldering wood and crumbling stone  
To urge the present hour to make  
The glory of the past its own !  
But ill for the land, oh, ill, ill, ill,  
If cold indifference gains the crown,  
Turns, and forgets the old renown,  
Letting those holy voices drown  
At last, and grow forever still !

Here, as the days go streaming by  
And lengthen to unnumbered years,  
In quiet may the good ship lie,  
With her name and her fame and her great  
    compeers  
And the glory that can not die ;  
Here bear forevermore her part  
With mighty memories in the heart,  
Here, in the home she sailed from, dwell,

And still, in her silent language, tell  
Of the right that will not always wait,  
Of justice that smites, but does not hate,  
Of love and the sacrifice it brings,  
And of all the old heroic things  
That make men noble and nations great.

## A SONG OF BATTLE

### I

How goes it, my brother, with you? Does the  
battle go well or go ill?  
I know what you need — we all need it, a little  
more fight in us still!

When once we have grappled with life and  
measured the things we meet,  
And marked how the castles of youth collapse  
in the dust at our feet;

How first ideals decay, and our dream bereft  
of its wings  
Plods wearily on through a mass of exceedingly  
practical things;

How sham slips over its face the mask of the  
good and the true,  
And fools the people who like it (as most of  
the people do);

How merit is slow to rise, and honor gets  
worsted by guile,  
Till doubt creeps into the mind, and asks, "Is  
it worth the while?"

Oh, then let some one among us step forward,  
though tongues be rife,  
And sing, as best he is able, the song of the  
battle of life,—

No notes that tremble or falter, nor any that  
savor of wrong,  
But such as a soldier would heed, when the bugle  
blows clear and strong.

## II

Speak out the brave word, then, and say that  
life, on the worthiest plan,  
Is a fight, and a good fight too, needing always  
the best in a man.

Temptations assail us, and lions forever are  
blocking the way;  
And circumstance is a hydra: we slay him, and  
still we must slay.

We are born not to have, but to seek, to fight,  
to endure, to advance;  
We are neither as beast nor as God: the road-  
way between is our chance.

We are men; thank God it is true; we would  
not be other than men,  
Even though, in a world beyond this, we renew  
the old battle again.

"Fight on," stands the resolute word from the  
heroes of life who are gone ;  
The men who have conquered the fight are al-  
ways the ones who fought on.

And would you have life glide along like a river  
all smooth to the sea?  
Shall we in our pride look for things denied to  
the noblest? Not we.

We ask not to sit at our ease in some quiet and  
blissful abode,  
To play on a golden harp, and to bask in the  
sun like a toad.

We ask, if there's aught to be done, in helping  
the large design  
Of the good Lord God, for a part and a place  
in the firing line.

### III

And blessed is he that can do, and blessed is  
he that will dare  
And take, like the man he should be, his burden  
of work and of care.

Thrice blessed is he that endures and lives in  
the light of the word  
Of the Master of men, who has sent us not peace  
upon earth, but a sword.

[27]

No part for the shirk and the coward, no place  
for the dolt and the fool  
On earth, or in heaven above; 't is the worthy  
at last that bear rule.

For men of conviction and courage there never  
was sorrier need;  
The Church has its cant; and the State its cor-  
ruption, dishonor, and greed.

The world runs after the shadow, the world  
cleaves unto the dust,  
Forgetting the thing that is life; and it fails,  
as ever it must.

Then stand to your work, my brother, and do  
it; you know that you can;  
Stand firm to your duty, and show us the faith  
and the strength of a man.

To think right and feel right is good, but to do  
right is conqueror still;  
Through all of God's worlds the great law is  
to follow "I ought" with "I will."

'T is better to wear than to rust, 't is better to  
spend than to hoard,  
O you with the weapon of God — life's splendid  
and terrible sword!

***SUB DIVO***





## *SUB DIVO*

### I

Do ye hear them, hear them ever  
    Marching through the glimmering fields?  
Regiments, battalions, armies —  
    See the flash upon their shields!  
Bright worlds, white worlds, myriad myri-  
    ads,  
    Crowding onward, marching by,  
With the banners of their vanguard  
    Flaring in the northern sky.  
Perfect order and precision,  
    None too late and none too soon,  
With no false note in the music,  
    Not a footstep out of tune;  
World with world, and all together,  
    Stepping solemnly and slow  
In the silent midnight; marching,  
    Down the long, long road they go.  
Wherefore marching? By whose summons  
    Comes this vast, awful array?  
Bow your heads, earth's kings and war-  
    riors:  
    It is God upon the way!

## II

And the mountains, they are marching,  
Underneath their ponderous load,  
Stepping to the selfsame music  
Down the selfsame endless road;  
All the peaks on far horizons,  
With the crimson plumes of dawn  
Waving o'er their solemn faces,  
Steadily go marching on.  
When the silent spirit listens,  
And the voice no longer speaks,  
You shall hear the tramping mountains,  
Hear the footfall of the peaks.  
Seem they always in their places  
Just to stand, and not to fare?  
Look to-morrow — some to-morrow —  
Look, and they will not be there!  
Mountains, prairies, rivers, oceans,  
Through the night and through the day,  
Swell the column moving onward:  
Lo, 'tis God upon the way.

## III

Life is marching; far out yonder,  
To the border of the sky,  
And beyond it, in the shadow,  
Where the voiceless ages lie,  
There are faces, human faces —  
Who can count them? — everywhere

[32]

Faces, millions upon millions,  
Thick as snowflakes in the air;  
One vast cloud of silent faces,  
Covering the mighty plain;  
Marching forward, slowly forward —  
And they do not march in vain!  
Wrongs, oppressions, dungeons, gallows —  
These are things they leave behind;  
Cries of pain and guilt and falsehood  
Die away upon the wind.  
From the midnight, through the twilight,  
Toward the larger light of day,  
Mighty hosts are marching, marching:  
This is God upon the way.

#### IV

What the goal and why the method?  
Let him answer it who can:  
When your armies march to conquest,  
Does the leader tell his plan?  
What is surer of deliverance  
From the realm of moth and rust  
Than the golden dreams we cherish  
And the heart's unfaltering trust?  
Somewhere there are bugles blowing —  
Blowing welcome — far ahead;  
There are signals flying somewhere  
By the path your feet must tread;  
And a golden whisper passes,  
With its watchword for the whole,

Through the wide eternal spaces,  
And that watchword is —“ The soul!”  
Know, then, that the endless column  
None can either turn or stay,  
For with all his hosts forever  
God Himself is on the way.

## VACATION

THE spirit of Life has wrought upon the world  
The old-time miracle; none knoweth how:  
Green fields, the banners of the wood unfurled,  
The flash of wings across the smiling moors,  
The piled-up cumuli where heaven soars  
All beautiful ever: — it is summer now,  
And I am free in God's great out-of-doors!

In the warm grasses as one lies alone,  
And hears the message which the low wind  
brings —  
Unsyllabled, indeed, but not unknown —  
His very being seems to ebb and spend,  
And somehow in the great world-rhythm  
blend,—  
Those deep pulsations from the heart of things  
That throb, and throb, and throb, and make no  
end.

All things are mine; to all things I belong;  
I mingle in them — heeding bounds nor bars —  
Float in the cloud, melt in the river's song;  
In the clear wave from rock to rock I leap,  
Widen away, and slowly onward creep;  
I stretch forth glimmering hands beneath the  
stars,  
And lose my little murmur in the deep.

Yea, more than that; whatever I behold —  
Dark forest, mountain, the o'erarching wheel  
Of heaven's solemn turning, all the old  
Immeasurable air and boundless sea —  
Yields of its life, builds life and strength in me  
For tasks to come, while I but see and feel,  
And merely am, and it is joy to be.

For that small spark within us is not blind  
To its beginning; struck from one vast Soul  
Which, in the frame-work of the world, doth  
bind  
All parts together; small, but still agreeing  
With That which moulded us without our see-  
ing:  
Since God is all, and all in all — the Whole,  
In whom we live, and move, and have our be-  
ing.

## THE TREES

*Gensque virum truncis et duro robore nata.*  
— Æneid viii, 315.

THERE'S something in a noble tree —  
What shall I say? a soul?  
For 't is not form, or aught we see  
In leaf, or branch, or bole.  
Some presence, though not understood,  
Dwells there always, and seems  
To be acquainted with our mood,  
And mingles in our dreams.

I would not say that trees at all  
Were of our blood and race,  
Yet, lingering where their shadows fall,  
I sometimes think I trace  
A kinship, whose far-reaching root  
Grew when the world began,  
And made them best of all things mute  
To be the friends of man.

Held down by whatsoever might  
Unto an earthly sod,  
They stretch forth arms for air and light,  
As we do after God;  
And when in all their boughs the breeze  
Moans loud, or softly sings,  
As our own hearts in us, the trees  
Are almost human things.

[37]



What wonder in the days that burned  
With old poetic dream,  
Dead Phaëthon's fair sisters turned  
To poplars by the stream!  
In many a light cotillion stept  
The trees when flutters blew;  
And many a tear, 't is said, they wept  
For human sorrow too.

Mute, said I? They are seldom thus;  
They whisper each to each,  
And each and all of them to us,  
In varied forms of speech.  
"Be serious," the solemn pine  
Is saying overhead;  
"Be beautiful," the elm-tree fine  
Has always finely said;

"Be quick to feel," the aspen still  
Repeats the whole day long;  
While, from the green slope of the hill,  
The oak-tree adds, "Be strong."  
When with my burden, as I hear  
Their distant voices call,  
I rise, and listen, and draw near,  
"Be patient," say they all.

## TO A BLUEBELL

Is that a drop of the ethereal blue  
Thou holdest, swaying on thy slender stalk?  
Or hast thou from the ocean wave thy hue,  
Frail tenant of the rock?

Perchance to beings of a finer sense  
This beautiful color would be sound as well,  
Worthy to peal through all the rainbow tents  
Of flowerdom from thy bell.

And yet, fair flower, so few the eyes to see  
Or tongues to praise thee in this solitude,  
Lackest thou nothing? Pray, bestow on me  
Thy own contented mood.

The Hand that set thee on this rocky shelf  
Guides all the worlds upon their lordly ways;  
He stamped on thee some image of Himself,  
And that is more than praise.

Ay, 't is enough, O little flower, to draw  
One's joy from God alone: humbly to dwell  
In any place fulfilling heaven's law,—  
I know that that is well.

## THE FAR BLUE HILLS

I LIFT my eyes and ye are ever there,  
Wrapped in the folds of the imperial air,  
And crowned with gold of morn or evening rare,  
O far blue hills.

Around you break the lights of heaven all,  
There rolls away the Titan's splendid ball,  
And there the circling suns of midnight fall,  
O far blue hills.

Wild bursts the hurricane o'er lake and land,  
Loud roars the cloud and smites with blazing  
brand;  
They pass, and silence comes, and there ye  
stand,  
O far blue hills.

Your spirit fills the wide horizon round,  
And lays on all things here its peace profound,  
Till I forget that I am of the ground,  
O far blue hills,—

Forget the earth to which I loved to cling,  
And soar away as on an eagle's wing,  
To be with you a calm and steadfast thing,  
O far blue hills.

## ENDYMION

How slowly falls yon sickle from on high  
Through evening's silent sky,  
Flashing a splendor from its curvèd blade  
On the low-lying shade!

Now in and out the narrow cloud that bars  
Its pathway from the stars  
It slips, and with a golden glory shines,  
Nearing the mountain lines.

Nay, 'tis no sickle which some unseen hand  
Lets fall upon the land;  
It is the jewel of a lady's crown,  
As she steps lightly down.

Night after night, down the aerial stair  
She stealeth unaware,  
Leaving the empire which she rules above,  
And all her state, for love.

Behold, her feet have touched the rocky steeps  
Where the young shepherd sleeps,  
And larger burns her jewel as she moves  
In search of him she loves.

And now it fades, and glimmers, and is gone.  
Happy Endymion!  
While here the world in sudden shadow lies,  
She bends above his eyes.

## THROUGH THE TELESCOPE

A GULF in the sky beyond the outermost faint-  
est mark  
Of star-dust, a fearful gulf illumined by never  
a spark,  
Where thousands of systems like ours might  
roll around in the dark —  
The very dark of dark, in spite of the light that  
runs  
Streaming along its marge from the splendor of  
dying suns,  
And in spite of the light that spreads like the  
threads of wind-blown hair  
For leagues, that out-million the millions, across  
the abysm there,  
And in spite of the myriad worlds that, borne  
upon gleaming tides,  
Have tumbled, ruining, down the terrible slope  
of its sides.  
So dark, and the dark of dark, so deep, and the  
deep of deep,  
Where never a sound doth stir, and never a life-  
throb creep.

The Pit of the Universe is it? the wild and bot-  
tomless grave  
For the things that God in his mercy has vainly  
endeavored to save?

Where all the things that are useless, and all  
that love decay,  
And all things evil, are thrown forever and ever  
away?  
Or is it the vast Outside, so void of the things  
that are,  
That, bearing aloft not even the candle of one  
pale star,  
Our God himself has ventured never as yet so  
far?

**“GO, READ IN THE BOOK OF THE  
HILLS”**

Go, read in the Book of the Hills the tale of a  
dateless past,  
And read in the Book of the Stars the story of  
all that is vast.  
Behind, before, around, they bear an unending  
sway,  
These Angels of Time and Space — oh, terri-  
ble Angels they!

If thus we stand appalled in the presence of  
Time and Space,  
And marvel at what they do, and tremble to  
look in their face,  
What must it seem to behold, however dim and  
far,  
The face of the King Himself — His face whose  
servants they are!

## THE FARTHER SHORE

WE gazed far out upon the lonely main  
How often! dreaming of the land that lay  
Beyond it — England, Brittany, or Spain —  
Whither the ships passed silently away.

But, oh, the change! My vigil I must keep  
Without her now along a different strand,  
That rims a vaster, more mysterious, deep,  
Beyond which lies — no man can say what  
land!

Weeks, months, even year on year, may roll  
Away and leave me, where I sit alone,  
To watch, and wonder in my longing soul  
Whither the white sail of her life is gone.

But when at last they call me to embark,  
And I put forth, and feel the cold wind stir,  
Be thou, O Christ, my pilot through the dark,  
And guide my vessel o'er this sea to her!





## **POEMS OF OCCASION**



## THE DEAD TEACHER

Professor Packard, of Bowdoin College, fell dead while walking on the beach at Squirrel Island, only three days after he had presided at the Commencement exercises. These lines were read at the funeral service.

АH! but yesterday we saw him there in the familiar place

Where he welcomed all as children with his old-time courtly grace;

And we knew not it was heaven that was shining on his face.

Light was nearer than we thought it, for to-day we come and find

He has passed beyond the shadows which had made our eyes so blind;

And his more than four score summers are a golden trail behind.

Walking by the narrow margin that divides the sea and land

Of the Here and the Hereafter, he beheld, upon the strand,

Words of One, who, as aforetime, stooped and wrote upon the sand.

Two there were that walked together; they communed, as friend with friend,

On the mysteries, it may be, only angels comprehend;

One, the Christ, wrote with his finger; one, the  
Christian, read —“ The End.”

Silent do his books await him on their shelves  
in long array,  
But his book of life is ended and is silent now  
as they,  
And will henceforth stand among them to be  
seen and read alway!

What thou wert, O silent teacher, what thou  
wert and still thou art,  
Men inherit and will cherish; we possess the  
better part,  
We, thy pupils, in the fibers of the living brain  
and heart.

Thou art happy! Thou, discerning from the  
summit of thy years,  
Long hast seen the promise over rolling mist  
of doubts and fears,—  
Seen the vision of the future, and thou dost not  
need our tears.

Sleep! the peace of God upon thee — sleep! and  
let the heavenly signs  
Hold their way in solemn silence till the world's  
great morning shines,  
Where thou restest from thy labors in the hear-  
ing of the pines!

[50]

## WORKS AND DAYS

Read at Bowdoin College at the public exercises commemorative of the one hundredth anniversary of the opening of that institution.

*Dare I this task? Ah! mightier hands than mine*

*Have wrought the song here by a right divine,  
Then passed, and left the memory of their grace  
And of their art forever in this place!*

*Again I see him as he stands; I hear  
The voice that has been silent many a year;  
I give him reverence whom all men know  
As Bowdoin's sweetest singer.\* Ay, although  
I dare the task, 'tis but as one might dare  
Who lifts an instrument with tenderest care  
And, knowing well the difference, tries to play  
A little, when the master is away.  
Better and better does he understand  
That what he needs, the miracle to command,  
Is more than instrument: he needs the hand.*

### I

O VENERABLE walls and hallowed plain,  
And immemorial pines, whose soft refrain  
Of inarticulate voices overhead  
Sings round the white encampment of the dead;  
O faces, that forever to and fro  
Flash through the present from the long ago;

\* Longfellow, who read here his "*Morituri Salutamus*."

Splendors of sunset flooding grove and hall,  
And thou, blue firmament, o'erarching all,—  
What do ye say to us? What say ye not!  
Visions and voices, haunting every spot,  
Come thronging round me till I almost seem  
To walk to-day as in a realm of dream,  
And scarce may tell, while year flows into year,  
Which is the substance, which the shadow, here!  
The scenes and aspirations of our youth,  
The teachers and the comrades,— these in truth  
Abide, and mould us, and become a part  
Of all we ever are in mind or heart!

## II

A hundred years! What marvels have they  
wrought  
For truth and freedom and man's happier lot!  
As if the doors, long bolted, in some vast  
And inexhaustible treasure-house at last  
Flew suddenly open, and upon us rolled  
The great beginnings of the Age of Gold!  
And hast thou not, through these momentous  
years,  
Given of thy sons as leaders, pioneers,  
True workmen, who have wrested from the strife  
Something of true and good for human life?  
Have they not grappled manfully with the  
world?  
Where duty called was not their flag unfurled?

When flashed the swords a million patriots drew  
On roaring fields, were not thy sons there too?  
And tell me, is it only chance or fate  
That makes them mighty counselors in the  
state?

Search the wide land, and unto whom belong  
But thee its princes in romance and song,—  
Hawthorne and Longfellow! Rememberest now  
Like the Greek mother in the fable thou  
Thy Castor and Pollux, who ride here no more  
Their milk-white steeds, but on the farther  
shore,

And still shine back, thy great Twin Stars, to  
keep

The faithful vigil o'er life's lonely deep,  
The time would fail me should I try to name  
The whole long list of honor or of fame;  
Nor can I wonder if, with such a cloud  
Of witnesses, thyself art waxing proud!

### III

It was indeed a memorable hour  
That lifted on the plain this beacon tower  
For truth to shine from; have not eyes afar  
Beheld and wondered at the golden star  
Hung in the orient of our mighty land?  
Large-minded and far-visioned men, they  
planned  
Not for a day, who these foundations broad



Established in the love and fear of God:  
They built for immortality; they drew  
Upon the future which by faith they knew,  
Believing, when they could not see or hear,  
The sure fulfillment of the far-off year.

Nor on this high occasion be forgot  
Those other builders from whose word and  
thought  
And life itself streamed the mysterious power  
That moulds the man and shapes the coming  
hour.  
Of simple ways, of grave and gracious looks,  
Such teachers, they were better than the books  
They made and taught from; they were life and  
fire  
To make alive, and kindle, and inspire.

#### IV

But all the past is past, its glories dead,  
Its victories forgotten — Ah! what have I said?  
There is no past that is not present still;  
No present but the future will fulfill;  
Some Power amid these changes ever stays,  
And binds together all our works and days;  
And sunset passes into sunrise; we  
Face the large light of years that are to be.  
Lo, the untraveled future, with its dreams  
And possibilities, how vast it seems!

How far its chartless distances recede,  
Filled with the signs we have no power to read;  
With shadowy forms, which life nor death yet  
claims,

And visionary faces without names!  
What giants there will magic Science find,  
In caverns of the earth or air, and bind  
To service for the welfare of mankind?  
And waits there yonder, with new treasures  
fraught,

Some undiscovered continent of thought?  
Another Tennyson? And Shakespeare's peer,  
Or greater one, in some far golden year?  
The triumphs rolling from our English speech  
Will be — who knows! — to what we now can  
reach

As billows are to ripples on the beach.  
And what and where will be the thrones of  
power?

The Great Republic — will it in that hour  
Of larger things and nobler still seem great?  
And will it fill God's measure for the state?  
Will all the great and little peoples dwell  
In peace together? Let the future tell!  
I know not what it holds of good or ill;  
I only know the unthwarted Purpose still  
Will rule, and overrule, and shape, and blend  
All things as always toward one happy end.  
I know there will be doubtings, burning words,

The right at war with wrong, the clash of  
swords;  
Songs will be sung, prayers said, and more and  
more  
Come sacrifice and victory,— before  
The world, that hears now only the first chimes  
Of dawn, can reach the noonday of the times.  
I know there will be need of self-control,  
Strong will, clear mind, brave heart, heroic soul,  
As long as truth survives and seasons roll.  
And thou shalt hear, again and yet again,  
The great voice crying hither, "Give me men!"

V

Strong Mother, give them; 'tis thy pledge to  
make  
The boy into the man; teach him to take  
The motto of the old Bohemian king,  
"I serve," and follow it as a living thing;  
Tell him the laws of life and his own soul,  
What duty is, and which way lies the goal.  
Work deep into his being's inmost springs  
The spirit and power of elemental things,—  
The truth that nature's every process fills,  
The strength and iron firmness of the hills,  
The gentleness and sunshine of the plain,  
The river's longing, as it seeks the main,  
The courage of the tide against the bars,  
The purity and patience of the stars,

The quick obedience which all things pay  
The Hand that guides Arcturus on his way.  
Kindle thy children at the altar-fire  
Of noble purposes, till they desire  
Above all else what in itself has worth;  
Then send them to the ends of all the earth!

## VI

O you, who dream of victories and to-day,  
With morning in your faces, march away,  
Behold, the letters blazoned across your sky  
Make one word only,— OPPORTUNITY.  
But 'tis enough; 'tis all that brave men ask;  
The man himself, he must fulfill the task;  
Nor fate, nor chance, nor any star commands  
Success and failure — nought but your own  
hands.

To fail, and fail again, and none the less  
Keep faith and heart, that also is success;  
To gather gold or fame and be not true  
To truth and self, oh, that is failure too!

Go, therefore, not as seekers after ease,  
Or place, or glory, or of things like these,  
But rather as men who think, and work, who  
bear

Burdens, and in the world's great labors share;  
Yea, like great-hearted gentlemen of God,  
Able to tread where noblest feet have trod,

And, shoulders square, eyes forward, to advance,  
Winning the mastery of circumstance,  
Till the glad earth, though dull of vision, see  
The men whom God intended you to be!

The world is all before you; all the ways  
And words and blessings of unrisen days;  
Faint, through the unfolding shadow, breaks  
the glow  
Of friendly figures ye will some day know;  
And many a hand that beckons, many a voice  
That calls to bid you welcome and rejoice.

And there are voices from behind that cry  
After you, half regret, half prophecy,  
Saying, "Oh, take to your strong hands the  
sign  
Which ours have carried in life's battle line;  
Yours be the valorous deeds we meant to do;  
The hope we missed fulfill itself in you;  
The word that faltered on our tongue, ring  
clear  
And trumpet-toned from yours to lift and cheer;  
The truth we caught but dimly, break in light  
Full-orbed at last upon your happier sight;  
The richer meaning of man's brotherhood  
We almost grasped, by you be understood."

## VII

And still they cry, so human, so divine,  
These voices; cry to all that eager line  
Whose feet will cross these thresholds, and  
    whose eyes,  
While the new century rounds into the skies,  
Will greet the dawn of many a glad surprise.

Also to thee, dear Mother, do they cry;  
And all thy sons cry with them; gloriously  
Making one voice, that, mingling with the sound  
Of pine and river, foldeth thee around,  
And crieth: "Keep life's high ideal alway  
Burnished and bright; send thou thy golden  
    ray  
Far down the aisles and avenues of time  
To where all lights end in one light sublime,  
As stars do in the fulness of the day!"

## AN EAGLE SPIRIT

Read at Andover Theological Seminary at the public exercises commemorating the bicentenary of the birth of Jonathan Edwards.

### I

God's truth hath many voices; sun and star,  
And mountain, and the deep that rolls afar,  
Speak the great language; and, of mightier  
worth,  
The lips and lives of Godlike men on earth.

### II

For truth wrought out in human life wields  
power  
Which no truth else does — since man's natal  
hour.  
What were the world without the long, strong  
chain  
Of faithful witnesses, whose heart and brain  
Have throbbed with truth God gave them? with-  
out these  
Who, as with hands that link together, stand  
Reaching across the years to that dear Hand  
Which touched blind eyes to sight, wrote on  
the sand,  
And lifted Peter from the drowning seas?  
Who, better than through book, or hymn, or  
creed,

[60]

Draw down their living line the fire we need  
Of life from Him who is the Life indeed!

### III

A good man's work is of his time and place  
Where Duty lifts the fulness of her face;  
Translate it elsewhere and you do him wrong:  
His life, his spirit — what of great and fair  
And true was in him — oh, that doth belong  
To all the ages and dwells everywhere!

### IV

And there he stands, this nobly-moulded man;  
You cannot miss him if you turn and scan  
The land's horizon; howsoe'er men talk,  
He still is of us; no mere name; a rock  
The floods may beat upon nor wash away;  
Foregatherer of the times, his loftier height  
Flushed with the gleams of sweetness and of  
light  
That wait their fulness till some later day;  
An eagle spirit soaring in the sky  
And mingling with the things that cannot die.

How full of fire he was and how sincere,  
Soldier of faith and conscience without fear!  
And humble as the little springtime flower  
Opening its heart out to the Heavenly Power;  
Poet, and dreamer of the things to be;

[61]



A man of Godly vision ; — such was he,  
This Dante of New England, who descried  
The dread Inferno of man's sin and pride ;  
The Purgatorio where his eyes might trace  
The workings out and upward of God's grace ;  
And yet who clomb with happier step the slope  
Of man's aspiring and undying hope  
Toward Paradiso, there to find his goal  
At last — the Blessed Vision of the Soul !

V

All this he was, whatever be the name  
He goes by on the roll of earthly fame.  
We judge him as we would ourselves alway  
Be judged ; as Christ will judge the world one  
day ;  
Not by things done, however great they be,  
But by those longings which immortally  
Outrun achievement since the world began ;  
Yea, by the spirit in him ; that's the man.

VI

What though the vain world scoffed and paths  
grew dim,  
He knew one Master, and he followed Him.  
He wielded truth to meet the age's stress  
Of circumstance, nor made it truth the less.  
Truth is a sword that flashes, now this way,  
Now that, the single purpose to obey.

[62]

Nay, truth is large; no man hath seen the whole;  
Larger than words; it brooks not the control  
Of argument and of distinctions nice;  
No age or creed can hold it, no device  
Of speech or language; ay, no syllogism:  
Truth is the sun, and reasoning is the prism  
You lift before it; whence the light is thrown  
In various colors; each man takes his own.  
If this man takes the red, as you the blue,  
Is yours the whole? and is his truth not true?  
Spirit is truth, howe'er the colors fall;  
The fact comes back to spirit after all.

## VII

Secure, invincible, the man who dare  
Obey his vision — mark what courage there! —  
Dare take the sword of his belief in hand,  
Whole-hearted face the world with it, and stand,  
And mind not sacrifice, and count fame dross,  
For truth's dear sake, and life and all things  
    loss,  
And never dream of failure, never doubt  
What issue when the stars of God come out!

## VIII

And would that we had power like him to rise  
Clear of the thralldom of all compromise,  
Like him whose feet on this foundation stood,—  
That God is sovereign and that God is good.

[63]

Is such a creed outworn? And tell me, pray,  
Have we no use for it? Alas the day,  
Amid the things that savor of the sod,  
If men forget the sovereign rights of God —  
The true life's master-word is still, Obey.

## IX

The man who takes "an inward sweet delight  
In God," shines like a candle in the night;  
The world's black shadow of care and doubt  
and sin

Is beaten backward by that power within;  
He walks in freedom; neither time nor place  
Can fetter such a spirit; in his face  
A light, not of this earth, forever clings;  
For, when he will, strong spiritual wings  
Bear him aloft till silent grows all strife,  
Silent the tumult and the toil of life;  
The homes of men, far off, like grains of sand  
Lie strewn along the wrinkles of the land,  
All silent; not a sound or breath may rise  
To mar the eternal harmony of those skies  
Through which he goes, still higher, toward the  
line

Where sun and moon have no more need to  
shine;  
And there, where sordid feet have never trod,  
He walks in joy the tablelands of God.

X

How much he hath to teach us even yet,  
Lest life should kill us with its toil and fret!  
Things of the earth men seek to have and hold;  
They build and waste again their mounds of  
gold.

O me! the din of life, the bell that peals,  
The traffic, and the roaring of the wheels!  
Work grows, and glows, and satisfies us not;  
Weary we are of what our hands have wrought,  
Weary of action with no time for thought.  
The much we do — how little it must count  
Without some pattern shown us in the mount!

XI

Who seeks and loves the company of great  
Ideals, and moves among them, soon or late  
Will learn their ways and language, unaware  
Take on their likeness, ay, and some day share  
Their immortality, as this man now  
Before whose life we reverently bow.

XII

So shines the lamp of Edwards; still it sends  
One golden beam down the long track of years,  
This resolute truth which neither yields nor  
spends,—  
That life, true life, is not of what appears,  
Not of the things the world piles wide and high;  
'Tis of the spirit and will never die.

### XIII

His life was noble; wherefore let the day  
White with his memory shine beside the way —  
Adding its comfort to our human need —  
Like some fair tablet whereon men may read:  
“Lo, here and there, great witnesses appear,—  
The meek, the wise, the fearless, the sincere;  
They live their lives and witness to the word;  
No time so evil but their voice is heard;  
Nor sword nor flame can stop them; though  
they die  
They grow not silent; they must cry their cry;  
Time's many a wave breaks, dying, on the shore;  
They cry forever and forevermore;  
For, in and through such men as these men are,  
God lives and works, and it were easier far  
To dry the seas and roll the mountains flat  
Than banish God; we build our hopes on that.”

## AN APOSTOLIC MAN

Professor Egbert Coffin Smyth, of Andover Theological Seminary, died suddenly while his friends and former pupils were preparing to surprise him with an "address" in recognition of his long service and sacrifice for truth and the life of the spirit.

O BROTHERS, is the moment past?  
We loved him, and were making bold  
To tell the love we had not told,  
And tell it to his face at last.

But while we talked and planned so well,  
Nor marked the swiftly waning day,  
That cloud of splendor closed the way —  
Lo, sunset and the evening bell!

And he is gone! The trees are here,  
The walks, the halls; but tears bedim  
Our eyes, because we find not him  
Whom we have known this many a year.

Gone, though the skies are bending fair,  
A gracious presence from this place:  
We nevermore shall see that face  
About the whole world anywhere.

They did not know,— his fellowmen,—  
Not always know, at home, abroad,  
How very close he walked with God:  
They know him better now than then.

[67]

He built his life upon the plan  
God gave him, open to our eyes —  
This grandly-simple, heavenly-wise,  
Truth-loving, apostolic man.

Oh, where is found the better part  
Of truth and wisdom evermore?  
Bear off your theologic lore;  
Give me his great and kindly heart!

We bow the head; our hearts still swim  
With sorrow, since we came so late,  
Nor saw him standing at the Gate  
With the great cloud enfolding him.

We meant to praise; but he has won  
A better praise than ours: instead  
Of those poor words we would have said,  
He has the Master's word, "Well done!"

O Friend, if, on that Further Side,  
Thou hast not yet receded quite  
So far from us, in that great light  
Where God and godlike men abide,

But that our feeble cry might swell  
To reach thee where thou art to-day,  
Thou, looking back, wouldst smile and say,  
"Love one another, and farewell."

## A LADY'S PORTRAIT

Read at Wheaton Seminary, now Wheaton College,  
Norton, Massachusetts, at the unveiling of a portrait of  
Mrs. E. B. Wheaton, painted in her ninety-fifth year by  
Mr. John W. Alexander.

At last, with all its silent grace,  
Amid the blossoms of the May  
There breaks upon our eyes to-day  
This vision of a lady's face.

You know her? Ay, you need not tell:  
A thousand daughters in the land  
Have known the welcome of that hand,  
And felt its pressure of farewell.

What benedictions in her gaze,  
What memories hover around her chair,  
As, sitting in the sunset there,  
She wears the crown of well spent days!

O little birds that come to bless  
Our woodlands, round her doorway sing;  
Beneath her windows, flowers of spring,  
Lift up to her your loveliness.

For she, in many a heart of need,  
Hath put a song in place of tears,  
And scattered down these golden years  
The flower of many a kindly deed.



Lo, like a seed upon the ground,  
There fell a thought once from her heart;  
If you would know how large the part  
That thought has stood for, look around!

For one who loved her planted it;  
One cherished it for what might be;  
She watched the seed become the Tree  
Beneath whose grateful shade we sit.

A thousand daughters did I say?  
Ah! as I see the lengthening line  
Far down the future's pathway shine,  
And pass, and still not pass away,

I cannot count them! Come and go  
They will forever; grove and hall  
And each familiar scene they all  
Will cherish; and the Tree will grow.

But when, in some remoter hour,  
Strangers behold how great the task  
Accomplished, and are moved to ask  
Whence came the impulse and the power,

Then silently, within this place  
Of such beginnings, there will rise,  
For answer to their wondering eyes,  
The vision of this lady's face.

## A POET'S CENTENARY

Read at Bowdoin College on Longfellow Day, June 26, 1907, at the public exercises commemorative of the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the poet, who graduated at Bowdoin in the class of 1825, and fifty years later read there his "*Morituri Salutamus*."

### I

WE were a busy people; axes rang  
And anvils; when amid the day's turmoil  
A melody crept; a master came, and sang,  
And charmed the workers, sweetening all the  
toil

As Orpheus did, who once, with flute to lip,  
Helped mightily at the launching of the ship.

And in and out among us many a day  
He went, this singer, with his happy strain;  
Greeted the little children at their play,  
Was present at the hanging of the crane;  
Blessed maidenhood and manhood; blessed the  
birds; —

His life beat like the sunshine through his  
words.

At last he said upon occasion high,  
The light of seventy summers in his face,  
"O Cæsar, we who are about to die  
Salute you," and he said it from this place,  
With aged comrades round him who should all  
So soon restore life's armor to the wall.

Those men have passed into the Silent Land,  
Their earthly battles ended; many a change  
Has crept on us beneath time's moulding hand,  
And on these scenes with faces new and  
strange;  
But not on him: the magic of his art  
Still penetrates the citadel of the heart!

And where he once has entered to delight,  
And cheer, and strengthen, linger he must  
and will;  
Oft mingling with the voices of the night  
Some fragment of his song to haunt us still,  
Or lure to far-off realms, and unawares  
Scatter in flight an Arab host of cares.

A hundred years — how old he would have been!  
And yet how young; for, as we turn his page,  
We mark the throbbings of a life within  
Old as the world and new to every age.  
Beauty and love and sorrow — from such  
themes  
Uprose the golden fabric of his dreams.

## II

“God sent his singers upon earth,” he said;  
What were the earth without them? what  
were life  
We call so glorious but games and bread,  
Sordid existence or ignoble strife,  
[72]

Were there no voices crying to the soul,  
Nor any vision of life's path and goal?

The truth we need and wait for may at times  
Break suddenly on us like a cannon's roar,  
But oftener comes in faintest elfin chimes  
Blown o'er the border line from some dim  
shore;  
Or yet, as blind and heedless as we are,  
It comes in perfect stillness like a star.

Ay, even invisible as the air that rolls,  
Stand great unproven truths which, as we  
must,  
We build our lives upon, and stake our souls,  
Outweighing knowledge with our hope and  
trust,—  
Truths which keen Science, labor as she may,  
Can never explain — and never explain away!

Science may guide o'er many a hill and plain,  
Revealing how the pathways meet and part;  
But for life's pathless and uncharted main,  
Whereon our surest pilot is the heart,  
We need their vision unto whom belong  
The mastery and the mystery of song!

"Listen! behold! believe!" are tones that fill  
The poets' signs and symbols manifold,—  
Those fables of the ever-singing Hill,  
Isles of the Blest, cities with streets of gold,

[73]

Enchanted castles, youth-restoring streams,  
And all the El Dorados of our dreams!

For song, indeed, is truth full-winged with  
power;

A faithful voice that calls us from afar;  
An impulse from some land where every hour  
God's truth reigns sovereign; some hope-  
bringing star;

Some sword that stirs the spirit, as were stirred  
The Prophets and Apostles of the Word!

The poets go before us; they discern,  
Across these spaces of life's gloom and glow,  
The great ideals that ever live and burn;  
They break all pathways without fear, and,  
lo!

They travel onward, keeping still in sight  
Some pillar of cloud by day, of fire by night.

The blessed poets save us — not the kings,  
And not the warriors; no great human wrongs  
Have they e'er stood for; no great rightful  
things

But they have loved and cherished; by their  
songs

We march and prosper; by their torches' rays  
The world moves forward into nobler ways.

And in their hands for gracious use they bear  
The crowning gift of immortality;

[74]

The songless cities perish; in thin air  
Empires dissolve; old customs cease to be;  
But aught that is, though flung by others by,  
The poets touch it and it can not die!

Still Homer's heroes live and talk and fight;  
The old men chirp of Helen; beacons flare  
From Ilium on to Argos in the night;  
Penelope does not of her lord despair,  
But ravel still the day's work with her hands,  
And still Nausícaa by the pillar stands.

How marvelous time's world-structure named of  
Song,  
With masonry of dream-stuff, and with halls  
Of golden music! yet secure and strong;  
Whereon decay's dark shadow never falls;  
A miracle of the masters from all lands  
And from all times — this house not made with  
hands!

### III

Ah! silently there sweeps before my eyes  
A vision of three poets dear to all  
Who feel the touch of beauty, and who prize  
The nobler voices that around us fall;  
Each from a different land, but all the three  
Facing the morning of a world to be.

Lo, Roman Virgil! at whose wizard name  
Things lost their power to change and pass  
away;  
Troy burns and does not vanish in the flame;  
A great queen greets the exiles; still to-day  
Men hear, as by the Tiber's side they stroll,  
The funeral hymn of young Marcellus roll.

Lo, also, England's Virgil! Arthur reigns  
Forever in the halls of Camelot;  
Fair women sacrifice for noble gains,  
Who never will grow old or be forgot;  
And those three Queens that helped are helping  
still  
The men who help to banish human ill.

And, pray, why lingers Hiawatha so?  
Why must Priscilla and John Alden stand  
Telling the old, old tale, and never go?  
Wherefore this many a year throughout the  
land  
Keeps sad Evangeline her unwearied quest?  
The answer is — our Virgil of the West!

Three Laureates of three great peoples!  
Each,  
In golden phrase and music-laden words,  
Moulded to sweetest use his country's speech;  
Loved simple things, touched ever the com-  
mon chords,

Winning the people's heart, and lived to hear  
The praises of the world sound in his ear.

The realm of books each ever loved to roam,  
Finding new glories for the song he wove;  
Sang childhood, the affections of the home,  
And the dear constancy of woman's love;  
Found tears in human things, and evermore  
Stretched yearning hands out toward the farther shore.

They sang that men should faint not, but endure,  
Follow the gleam, and wear the fadeless flower  
Of hope forever; that the goal is sure  
For those who strive and trust the Heavenly Power.  
They lived pure lives and gentle, nor through all  
Uttered a word they ever need recall.

So like in their unlikeness, that I dare  
(As else I dare not) name them side by side;  
Swayed by one mood and spirit; as they fare,  
The spaces close between them, else so wide;  
While their immortal echoes strike across  
All tumults hitherward, nor suffer loss.



#### IV

Bowdoin, dear Mother, to thy listening ear  
His step falls on these pathways as of yore;  
Again the "boy's will is the wind's will" here,  
And his the "long, long thoughts" of youth  
once more;  
For thine he was when first the vision came  
To him of the alluring face of fame.

He caught the pathos from thy murmuring  
pines,  
The melody from thy river, sweetness and  
light  
From the fair sky above thee where the signs,  
Thick with white worlds, roll solemnly by  
night;  
Thy son, and master in the art divine,  
All this he wrought into his lustrous line.

But chiefly — for he knew what springs had fed  
His youthful spirit in its purpose high —  
Did he remember — on the day he said  
That he was old and was about to die —  
With gracious words of tenderness and truth,  
The faces of the teachers of his youth.

Thrice happy are such teachers, with the dower  
Of knowledge and of counsel in their hand!  
They sit forever at the springs of power,  
And, from these quiet places of the land,

[78]

No trumpet blowing and no flag unfurled,  
They shape the forces that will shape the world.

Ah! as once more we walk these shades among,  
What visions from the bygone years arise!  
The faces, oh, the faces, how they throng,  
And pass, and come again, with friendly eyes,  
And fill, for each of us, with life more vast  
That other present which we call the past!

And he is of them! Lo, the hearts that brim  
With hope and courage, and do not grow old,  
Have somewhere, somehow, learned to love like  
him  
The nobler things that are not bought and  
sold,  
Remembering the light that through life's bars  
Breaks from beyond the sunset and the stars!

## THE MAN

Addressed to my Alma Mater

You sent the man : he builded well,  
And steadfastly, and long,  
Until a grateful people saw  
Its lordliest Tower of Song.

You sent the man : in silence rose,  
Defying time and chance,  
A thing of splendor in the land,—  
Its Palace of Romance.

You sent the man : in quiet ways  
He wrought, nor sought renown ;  
But in the end the Sultan's throne  
Of shame came tumbling down.

You sent the man : he helped to shape  
The nation's fate, because  
He blazed a path which they must take  
Henceforth who give it laws.

You sent the man : seeking afar  
The world-sought, age-long goal,  
He pushed through perilous ways, and  
grasped  
The secret of the Pole.

However far the purpose run,  
Or splendid be the plan,  
The glory of achievement means  
The story of a man.

## YOUTH

THOU, in that golden time whose other name  
Is opportunity, dost thou not know,  
Has no one ever told thee, of thy claim?  
Thou art the heir, for heaven hath made thee so;  
All things are thine; look up, and thou shalt  
see:

Sun, moon, and stars are bowing down to thee,  
Making obeisance, as in Joseph's dream;  
For thee it is that waters roll, stars shine,  
Voices arise by lonely hill and stream,  
Friendly monitions, whisperings divine;  
For thee do Ariels sing; and where the walls  
'Twixt the two worlds are thinnest, in the air  
Come momentary gleams — the sheen that falls  
As from no earthly garments ever: there,  
With heaven's power and blessing to bestow,  
The holy Presences pass to and fro.

All possibilities are in thy hand,  
All powers thine to summon and command,  
And all for this: that thou, made brave of heart,  
Daring to seem not other than thou art,  
Mightst follow thine ideal, not the show  
Of what hath in it aught of base or low,  
But thine own best ideal, till thou be  
Thyself the man the world needs most to see!

# LAND O' PINES

Old Home Week in Maine

## I

Not least of stars thy star  
Of statehood shines,  
Where, in the north and far  
Beyond thy lines,  
Thy loyal children are,  
O Land o' Pines!

## II

Lord o'er a thousand hills  
Katahdin looms;  
Thy silent forests hold  
Primeval glooms;  
And vales and plains unfold  
Their vasty rooms.

## III

But these are not the things  
Thou prizest most,—  
These, nor thy streams, and lakes,  
And leagues of coast:  
What thy own sons are, makes  
Thy proudest boast.

IV

The torrent and the rock  
Mix in their blood,—  
The force that drives, and so  
Achieves the good ;  
The heart that bears the blow  
As brave men should.

V

For many have shaped the deed  
In church and state ;  
And many have helped to mould  
The nation's fate ;  
And some, in days now old,  
In song were great.

VI

We greet thy landscapes fair  
Now and again ;  
Thy wealth of field and mart  
We greet ; and then  
We greet thee — as thou art —  
Mother of men.

## VII

Far in the north thy star  
Shines steady and clear;  
And lo, not there alone  
It shines, nor here:  
Where'er thy sons are known  
That star is dear.





## **JUDGMENT SEATS**



## JUDGMENT SEATS

### I

O LITTLE flower,  
O tiny golden sun,  
Shining amid the grass  
Where we wayfarers pass  
So near thee, little one!  
I look and stand in awe  
For what but now I saw:  
Thou saidst — I almost heard  
Thy quiet word —  
Thou saidst to one, "Draw nigh"  
But to the next, "Go by";  
And, lo, each straightway did  
As he was bid!

### II

O happy star,  
O little silver world,  
That comest up the blue,  
Singing, when day is through  
And winds are furled,  
I tremble as I see  
Thy large eye look on me!  
Thou saidst, with gentle voice  
Down calling through the shade,  
To one thou saidst, "Rejoice:  
Sing with me, Pure-in-Heart";

[89]

But unto one, "Depart";  
And they obeyed.

### III

O love-lit face,  
O beautiful sweet face,  
Limned on the canvas there,  
How scarcely do I dare  
Behold thy truth and grace!  
For thou art saying, too,  
What each must do —  
Come near or go afar,  
Whoe'er we are.  
Some, therefore, look and stay,  
Some look and turn away,  
And all obey.

### IV

What golden key,  
What clue divinely spun,  
Waits to reveal this power,  
In face and star and flower,  
That speaks and it is done?  
Lo! all things good and true  
That meet my eyes;  
All deeds that others do  
In love and sacrifice,—  
Seem, by some high command,  
Robed in strange light, and stand

Dividing men on sight  
To left and right :  
Where'er I turn my feet,  
I find no neutral place,  
No voiceless thing, but face  
Some judgment seat !

## PROPHET AND PRIEST

Two selves I am: unlike these seem to be  
As west and east:  
One is the prophet in me, as in thee,  
And one the priest.

The prophet lets the future mould his plan;  
The priest the past:  
The prophet marches in the column's van;  
The priest comes last.

The prophet takes the spirit for a guide;  
The priest his book:  
One learns the truth that brushes by his side;  
One does not look.

The prophet lifts his heart up when he prays;  
The priest his hands:  
The prophet, acting, thinks; the priest obeys,  
Nor understands.

The prophet, preaching, keeps the goal in view;  
The priest his creed:  
The prophet stirs; the priest, when words are  
through,  
Forgets the deed.

Something the prophet suffers — scorn of lip,  
Or stroke of rod —  
But gains the vision, wins the fellowship  
And life of God.



## THE BUILDER AND HIS TOOLS

### I

NATIONS arise and fall:  
One law decides it all,—  
To serve the Builder's purpose if they can.  
He takes them up for tools,  
Or lays them down, as rules  
The moment's need in furtherance of His plan.

With varied aims and strife  
And thousand-summered life,  
Each one at last achieves some separate goal,  
Which, when achieved, afar  
Looks simple as a star  
And fitted to its place within the whole.

### II

The Builder raised His hand,  
And there was Greece, as planned,  
Launching her ships to peer through all the  
    seas:  
Heroic deeds along  
With Homer's noble song;  
Temples, and oracles, and Socrates.

For what, you ask, designed?  
To wake the slumbering mind  
And set a hunger in the soul, forsooth:

To all men's hopes and fears,  
Across the waste of years,  
Greece voiced the timeless question, "What is  
truth?"

### III

Again the Builder's sign,  
And David's royal line  
Bare down the wrathful age its tiny spark,  
Close-shielding it, as one,  
Where the wild breezes run,  
Might shield an only candle in the dark:

Till, grown to full desire  
As heaven's great altar-fire,  
The spark shone through the world in gentle  
ruth:  
This people for all time  
The answer gave sublime,  
In giving Him who said, "I am the truth."

### IV

Hebrew and Greek were done;  
Builder and work went on:  
Rome, lifted on her hills, began to trace  
The wrong of lawless might,  
The lawful might of right,  
In laws she laid on all the human race.

Unconscious instrument,  
Toward such a mission bent,  
Rome called the world to order by her word,  
That then and evermore,  
All lands and waters o'er,  
The question and the answer might be heard.

## HAMMER AND ANVIL

" Hammer away, ye hostile hands;  
Your hammers break, God's anvil stands."

Look forth and tell me what they do  
On Life's broad field. Oh, still they fight,  
The False forever with the True,  
The Wrong forever with the Right.  
And still God's faithful ones, as men  
Who hold a fortress strong and high,  
Cry out in confidence again,  
And find a comfort in the cry:  
" Hammer away, ye hostile hands,  
Your hammers break, God's anvil stands."

Older than pyramid or sphinx,  
Old as the stars themselves, the word  
Whereby, when other courage sinks,  
The courage born of heaven is stirred.  
For, when God made the world and knew  
That good and evil could not blend,  
He planned, however men might do,  
What should be would be in the end.  
And, though as thick as ocean sands  
They rain their blows, the anvil stands.

Oh, many a time has this vain world  
Essayed to thwart the mighty plan;  
Its fleets and armies have been hurled  
Against the common rights of man.

But wrecked Armadas, Waterloos,  
Empires abandoned to decay,  
Proclaim the truth they did not choose —  
What broken hammers strew the way!  
Though all the world together bands  
To smite it, still the anvil stands.

Thou knowest that thy cause is just?  
Then rest in that; thy cause is sure.  
Thy word is true? Oh, then it must,  
In spite of slanderous tongues endure.  
As toward the crag the billow rides,  
Then falls back, shattered, to its place:  
As fans the breeze the mountain sides,  
Nor fans the mountain from its base,—  
So, in all times and in all lands,  
Men's hammers break, God's anvil stands.

## THE KING

O SHAM, who sittest boldly on the throne,  
There's someone passing at the palace gate,  
Who smiles, and whispers his dread word of  
fate,—

The real king to thee and thine unknown.  
And he is passing through the world of men,  
Pays tribute to the Cæsar bearing rule,  
Walks in the market place, sees many a fool,  
“Not yet” keeps saying, and is strong again:  
Distinguishes what seems so from what is,  
My manly man with that clear soul of his;  
And through them all, illumined from afar  
He starlike moves, himself led by a star  
Which no earthborn ambition can unsphere;  
Believes what should be will be; never dreams  
The end is failure; knows — whatever seems —  
He knows what light shines yonder; can endure  
All else should perish — his ideal is sure.  
And that means triumph; shows that he can  
hear,

And see, and feel, with finer sense than most,—  
Hear music from the far-off crystal coast  
As of some victory — faint, but never lost;  
And so by right, which none may steal or bor-  
row,  
Sustain to-day with strength drawn from to-  
morrow.

And shall we know him as we see him pass?  
Some may; the multitude will not, alas!  
Such gentleness and such simplicity;  
No fuss, no noise, no label; but 't is he.  
I think there may be thorn wounds on his brow;  
Perhaps there will be nail prints in his hands;  
The world bestows these things, nor under-  
stands;  
Some hold them signs of failure even now.  
And yet 't is he; his triumph most assured  
Who stands for truth and right and has en-  
dured;  
Been tempted and endured; made sacrifice  
For noble ends, nor stooped to compromise,  
Nor turned, but gone straightforward as did  
seem  
The living creatures in the prophet's dream,  
Straightforward always, and endured; I say  
The way thus walked in is life's Sacred Way,  
And it is he; for, when the light shall grow,  
And all the bugles of the morning blow,  
Oh, then the disillusioned world will bring  
Its tardy homage and all cry, "The King!"

## GREATNESS

### I

WHAT makes a man great? Is it houses and  
land?

Is it argosies dropping their wealth at his  
feet?

Is it multitudes shouting his name in the  
street?

Is it power of brain? Is it skill of hand?

Is it writing a book? Is it guiding the State?

Nay, nay, none of these can make a man great.

### II

The crystal burns cold with its beautiful fire,

And is what it is; it can never be more;

The acorn, with something wrapped warm at  
the core,

In quietness says, "To the oak I aspire."

That something in seed and in tree is the same;

What makes a man great is his greatness of  
aim.

### III

What is greatness of aim? Your purpose to  
trim

For bringing the world to obey your behest?

Oh, no, it is seeking God's perfect and best,



**Making something the same both in you and in  
Him.**

**Love what He loves, and, child of the sod,  
Already you share in the greatness of God.**

## GLORY

GLORY of Greece that arose, transfiguring  
mountain and shore

And fields and cities of men, then faded and  
was no more;

Glory of Rome, earth-wide, that seemed immortal,  
and cast

All glory else in the shade, but changed, in the  
end, and passed;

Glory of sceptres and thrones, glory of sword  
and of song;

Glory of gold that beguiles the heart of the  
heedless throng:

Oh, what are these glories beside the glory of  
one lone Man,

Who dreamed not of glory, but wrought, in trial  
and sorrow, his plan

For helping the needs of the world, for healing  
the wounds that smart,

For lifting the vision of God to the burdened  
and breaking heart!

Whose glory it was to serve, no matter what  
men might say;—

The glory that grows with the years and never  
can pass away!

## THE TITANIC

TELL me, do ye never hear it when the wind is  
from the sea?

Not the thunder-roll of billows, nor the moan-  
ing of the bars,  
Nor the throb of far-off engines ; it must some-  
thing rarer be —

Music, music that is silent like the music of  
the stars.

For they played, those brave musicians, in their  
places as before,

Though they felt the chilling Shadow closing  
slowly round them all ;

Played to keep the hearts up of the men whose  
need was sore ;

Played as soldiers march with banners when  
they march to fight and fall.

Did not think it any marvel, or that nothing  
mattered now ;

Never dreamed the world would praise them,  
if indeed it ever knew —

One may of the crown be worthy though it pass  
untouched his brow —

And the music was immortal just because  
their hearts were true.

Passed into the Silence, playing; and the music  
is not done:

God and valor are not ended when the battle  
flags are furled:

Finer than what any master from his instru-  
ment e'er won

Was that loyal note of courage which goes  
singing through the world!

## CONSCIENCE

THE man of power rejoicing cries, "I can ;"  
"I may," the man of pleasure ; but we trust,  
And all the world trusts with us, still the man  
Hearing a different voice, who says, "I  
must."

O Conscience, Conscience, how we need thee  
now !

Wind, fire, and earthquake pass ; the time  
abounds

In these great voices ; but, oh, where art thou ?  
Is thy voice lost amid life's grosser sounds ?

Or art thou fled across the golden bars  
Of evening with thy purer light to shine  
Somewhere far off, beyond the quiet stars,  
Far off, and leave us without guide or sign ?

Not so ; earth's towers and battlements decay ;  
Thrones tremble and fall ; old sceptres lose  
control :

But, as God lives, thou livest ; thou wilt stay,  
O Conscience, God's vicegerent in the soul !

We are thy bondmen, and thy ways are good ;  
Thou art what makes us greater than the  
dust

We came from ; and still, howsoe'er we would,  
Thy law is ever on us and we must.

## THE PRISONER

A LUMP, they said, from some primeval state:  
Dark, rough, and seeming very little worth:  
I laid it by an ember in my grate,  
And, lo, an "imprisoned splendor" issued  
forth!

O you who preach, and you who teach, think  
not  
That robe or book will ever win the mark:  
If you indeed would stir another's thought,  
Lay mind to mind: communicate the spark.

Plato was kindled, when he felt the flame  
Of Socrates on his own spirit fall;  
From John the fisherman the prophet came,  
Set free by Him whose touch may kindle all.

## AN OLD SAW

THE man who knows and knows he knows,  
To him your homage bring;  
He wields the power that waits and wins,  
And he is rightful king.

Let him who does not know, and knows  
He does not know, be classed  
As heir of all things everywhere,  
For he will know at last.

But whosoever does not know,  
And, here in life's great school,  
Knows not he does not know, is doomed  
To live and die a fool.

## THE DIFFERENCE

LET two go forth into the Garden of Life,  
And one returns with roses: he likes flowers;  
And one with darnel, henbane, thistles: why,  
When flowers are plenty? Just his taste for  
weeds.

Where'er men go, in heaven, or earth, or hell,  
They find themselves, and that is all they find.





## **THE IMMORTALS**



## THE IMMORTALS

THINK! the gods have been among us, seen us,  
marked our speech and tone,  
Touched the smallness of our natures with the  
largeness of their own,  
Deigned to walk the path beside us, in our homes  
to eat and drink,  
They, the deathless, ever-blessed — O my comrades,  
do you think?

And we watched them, never dreaming they  
were more than common men,—  
Though we heard their gracious language,  
though again and yet again  
We beheld the generous fashion which they used  
in going through  
Every task and every duty given unto men to  
do,—  
Till the great occasion called them, showed their  
stature to us, drew  
Off the vail that hid their faces, as they vanished  
and we knew.

Hush! they may be walking round us in the  
twilight — who shall say? —  
Others of the gods, and seeking if we give them  
yea or nay,  
We, the deaf ones, we, the blind ones, needing  
better ears and eyes

To discern the great immortals through what-  
ever strange disguise,  
That, amid the blaze of noonday or the even-  
ing's purple glow,  
We may heed them, know them, love them, ere  
these also rise and go.

## ON THE FLY LEAF OF A FRIEND'S BOOK

THIS book is his? the beautiful dreams between  
These covers his, the friend's I used to know?  
Yet many a morn together have we seen  
The clouds refold their airy tents and go,

And many a silent evening, from the glen,  
The mountain blazing with their golden camp.  
Fool that I was not to have known him then!  
I never guessed he owned Aladdin's lamp!

He seemed like other men whom one may meet,  
But, like the honey-bees, with skill untold,  
He gathered treasures even at my feet,  
And in the dark was building roofs of gold!

## THE STAFF AND THE TREE .

Sent with the gift of a walking-stick to a friend who  
was going away.

THIS grew a sapling on the mountain side,  
With aspirations to become a tree;  
I cut it down, and in that moment's pride  
I slew the glorious thing it was to be.

It might have risen to an imperial height  
And gladdened with its beauty all the hill —  
With bowers of green and spaces sweet with  
light,  
Where birds might build, and dwell, and sing  
at will.

'T is now a staff. Yet, when the years grow  
brief,  
And you would share with it your weight of  
cares,—  
When life is putting on the yellow leaf,—  
A miracle will happen unawares:

For you will hear the birds that never sang  
Within its unborn branches; you will see  
The leaves that never rustled lightly hang  
Their banners forth — your staff will tower  
a tree!

And it will be the sun and wind and dew  
Of other days by which that tree is made;  
Then, it may chance, a friendly ghost or two  
Will come and sit beside you in its shade!



## THE RETURN

And may there be no moaning of the bar  
When I put out to sea.

TENNYSON.

THE shadow far and wide;  
All sound hath died,  
And Something felt but seen not from the shore,  
Nor moved by any sail nor any oar,  
Went outward with the tide.

No moaning of the bar;  
But far, oh, far  
The silent ship has gone upon its way  
Into the space that lies beyond our day,  
Beyond our evening star.

Thence came it at our need;  
It bore a seed  
From out the bosom of the Shadowy Sea,  
Which grew, and filled the whole world gloriously  
With flower of light indeed!

No sadness of farewell,  
No voice, no bell,  
The heart too full for aught but silence, when  
A great soul turns to seek and find again  
Its home where great souls dwell.

## IN MEMORIAM

T. C. P.

SKIES were not yet red with sunset, far off still  
the evening bell,  
Only sights and sounds of midday eye and ear  
could seem to tell,  
And we knew not that our greeting was the  
greeting of farewell;

Did not know, in our rejoicing, that the hour  
had waxed so late,  
That the tides were sobbing seaward which can  
neither turn nor wait,  
And already in our presence stood the Opener  
of the Gate.

Thin the veil that hides the future we have  
never seen nor can,  
And that future somehow mingles strangely in  
the life of man,  
While we see in part, and only see in part, the  
Father's plan.

Every life hath its completeness — Are there  
not twelve hours still  
In the day? — and whosoever makes his own  
the Master's will,  
Living, dying, staying, going, doth the circle  
all fulfill.

[119]

Friend of ours, we did not tell thee all we might  
have told that day;  
Many another thing we cherished in our heart  
of hearts to say,  
Had we known it was expedient thou so soon  
shouldst go away.

We were looking for achievement, and the victory  
had been won;  
For the golden years of service — with the  
sands so nearly run;  
Yea, we thought it the beginning, when God  
said thy work was done.

We shall not forget thee — never, while the way  
before us towers;  
Something from thy life in passing touched the  
inner springs in ours;  
Thou henceforth art in alliance there with God's  
uplifting powers.

Thou art here; lo, thou art yonder, where the  
heavenly seasons roll,  
Where in light and life immortal ends the path-  
way of the soul,—  
One hand beckoning, and the other resting on  
the shining goal.

## THE TREE AND THE STAR

SAID the tree upon earth to the star in the sky:

“She sleeps, and is here at my feet;  
She walked in my shadow in days gone by,  
And her deeds and her life were sweet.”

SAID the star in the sky to the tree upon earth:

“She dwells in my home far above  
Thy dark little world of the home of her birth;  
She was born for the light and for love.”

O tree, and O star, she was all that you say,

And her soul like a star did shine;  
Yet little you know of God's great way:  
She is here in this heart of mine.

## THE FEAST OF THE DEAD

FAR away in the Land of Morning,  
Where the Five Great Rivers flow,  
And the peaks of the great world-mountains

Fling forward the sunrise glow,  
I've read that the mighty Hydaspes  
Runs, singing, o'er pebbles of gold:  
But not of the marvelous river  
My marvelous tale is told.

There are times when the dark-skinned people —

In many a home, it is said,  
Where some one has died — lay a banquet;  
The guests are their silent dead.  
Comes father, or mother, or brother,  
Or sister, or child, or wife;  
They all come back with the twilight  
To the oldtime happy life.

Forgotten the long separation,  
Unheeded the cold night-rain;  
The rice is made ready; together  
They sit in one circle again:  
Till suddenly falls a silence;  
The ember has died on the stone;  
Vague shadows glide through the doorway;  
The living once more are alone.

[122]

Oh, 't is not a meaningless story,  
Though wonderful; it is part  
Of the wild and infinite yearning,  
The unutterable cry in the heart,  
For the light of a face that has vanished,  
For a solace that never may be;  
And it shows how that far-away people  
Are kindred to you and to me.

The calm and solemn Himalayas  
Rise heavenward, crowned with snow;  
Over all the land forever  
The Five Great Rivers go;  
And forever in homes of the people,  
Whatever their race or name,  
They keep their love and their sorrow  
Like us: it is just the same.

## ALL SOULS' EVE

THE river drags across the plain  
Its winding line of black ;  
But far above I see again  
The ever shining track.  
O silent dead, O happy souls,  
I dare not call you back !

Before my eyes a vision drew  
Like sunlight out of space ;  
I fancied in the shadow grew  
One dear familiar face,—  
I felt a breath, I heard a voice  
Of infinite sweet grace.

Beat not so loud, O heart of mine,  
Be calm, O wandering will,  
The wind is past, the talking pine  
Hath whispered and is still.  
All here is as the marbles are  
That glimmer on the hill.

But, lo, the singing tides above  
Grow full and do not slack ;  
There mind has light, and heart has love,  
With never stint or lack.  
Life bears me thither, silent dead ;  
I will not call you back !

## HOME

### I

LET the scholar turn from study and the sailor  
cease to roam,

Let the workman lay his tools down, when  
the Silent Voices call:

They are calling, O my dearest, they are say-  
ing now, "Come home,"

And thy voice among the voices is the sweet-  
est one of all.

Home, home, home, home, home would I be;

Home is where the heart is, and my heart is all  
with thee.

### II

Lo, everywhere is beauty! There are things to  
do and dare;

There are friends to love and cherish, and I  
hold them very dear:

But, in spite of all that binds me to a world  
that seems so fair,

I have thought it, I have said it in thy lis-  
tening spirit-ear:

Home, home, home, home, home would I be;

Home is where the heart is, and my heart is all  
with thee.



### III

In the hurry of the work-time, when the traffic  
rolls and roars ;

In the quiet of the sleep-time, with the star-  
light on my brow,

Where the breezes move forever up and down  
God's out-of-doors,

I have listened, I have waited — but I hear  
the Voices now !

Home, home, home, home, home would I be ;  
Home is where the heart is, and my heart is all  
with thee.

## **SONNETS**



## HESPERIDES

SINK, lovely day, and fold thy wings of gold  
    Around the islands of the western seas,  
    The far-off, beautiful Hesperides;  
For there the waves, by temperate winds controlled,  
Sing to the shores forever. Sink, and fold  
    Thy wings above their golden-fruited trees,  
    And quiet gardens, and the sinless ease  
Of them that grow no longer weak or old.  
They that dwell there have borne life's little  
    pain;  
    They were as we are, but shall weep no more.  
Fly, lovely day, and drop below the main,  
    Where waits for me a welcome at the door;  
I follow when the Boatman comes again;  
    Soon shall I hear his keel grate on the shore.

## VENICE

ONLY a cloud,—far off it seemed to me  
No habitable city,—when, behold,  
Came gradual distinctions in the fold  
Of tremulous vapor shadowing things to be;  
Forms whether of wave or air rose silently  
O'er quiet lanes of water, caught the gold  
Of the Italian sunset; and thus rolled  
The veil from off the Bride of the Blue Sea.  
Alas, the irrecoverable dream!  
Cathedral, palace, all things all too soon  
Melted like faces in a troubled stream,  
And, looking backward over the lagoon,  
I saw the phantom city faintly gleam  
As mist blown seaward underneath the moon.

## FAME

IN Pisa's baptistry the uttered word,  
Sent upward winged with music from the  
ground,  
Works in the dome a miracle of sound  
Most delicate, and all the air is stirred  
With its vibrations; till, like some sweet bird,  
Invisible, that circles round and round,  
Singing o'erhead, then seeks the heaven's profound,  
It flees away and is no longer heard.  
Thus, too, it is with word, or deed, or song,  
Caught up and echoed through time's ampler  
hall;  
It charms a while the listeners in the throng,  
But, with the days men never can recall,  
It faints, and fades, and vanishes ere long  
In the vast Silence that receiveth all.

## IN THE REFECTORY

MARK you the painting? To this ancient hall,  
Where we, the brothers of Saint Dominic,  
tread  
With reverent step, and break our daily  
bread,  
I came a novice, and can yet recall  
How Christ and his Apostles on the wall,  
Who break bread also, only seemed, instead,  
As shadowy presences, although they shed  
Perpetual benediction on us all.  
But now, beholding how we come and go,  
And are forgotten, while, year after year,  
The ever-blessed Master and that row  
Of silent faces, with no change to fear,  
Remain as first I saw them, well I know  
'T is we, not they, who are the shadows here.

## SPHINX

Her wings are folded in the plain that lies  
Like a vast shield upturned to every star.  
She sits as silent as God's mountains are,  
Forever watching with calm solemn eyes  
The white worlds in the shadow, as they rise  
And pass in slow procession, and afar  
Dip o'er the verge of the horizon's bar  
Into the depths of unfamiliar skies.  
So, ever by this lonely watcher's gaze  
The race of men are filing with the rest,  
Stars, systems, all: Whence, whither, lie their  
ways?  
Unto what other morning in the west?  
She asks with mute cold lips, but ne'er betrays  
Her riddle, and no man has ever guessed.



## THE LAST "CHAPEL"

"MY son, forget not" \*— reading thus begun  
The teacher of us all, and then the prayer  
He lifted in the hushed and hallowed air  
For blessing on the work that had been done.  
Also he seemed to say: "Thy feet must run  
Hence to the goal through dangers every-  
where;  
Honor, and wisdom, and the tempter's snare,  
And life's great end, forget thou not, my son."  
Ah! as we saw the western splendor fall  
Earthward that night, and fill the open door,  
With Christ anew transfigured on the wall,  
We sorrowed in our hearts, revolving o'er  
So many memories; but, most of all,  
That we should see each other's face no more.

\* Prov. iii.

## THE PALACE

SHE loved the palace that by slow degrees  
Arose, as from the common dust around,  
Arch over arch, and dome o'er dome of  
sound,—  
A miracle of the master of the keys;  
She loved Abt Vogler's palace more than these  
We stare at; for, when he had ceased, she  
found  
It did not crumble back into the ground,  
But lived as stars do, and the hills, and seas.  
Ah! little she dreamed what palace, day by day,  
The Master of Life was building through the  
years  
From her fair deeds — never to pass away:  
Silence has fallen, but her life appears  
Triumphant now o'er time and time's decay,—  
A golden glory shining through my tears!

## THE OLD QUESTION

Ah! whither gone, my friend of many years?  
I ask it of the silence, with the thought  
Of what thou wert and what thy hands have  
wrought,  
And only silence answers in my ears:  
Whither the life that beautiful appears,  
And true, with kindly ministrations  
fraught —  
Thy life that, passing when we dreamed it  
not,  
Has left us to our memories and our tears?  
If fairer now the light that round thee streams,  
Forget us not: thy steps we cannot trace;  
And yet we wait, as if to catch some gleams  
Of what lies yonder in that holy place,  
So thin the impenetrable curtain seems  
That separates the worlds and hides thy face.

## PRESENTIMENTS

OUR lives are double: they were not designed  
For holding narrowly to their estate  
Of things material; they penetrate  
The region of illimitable mind  
And spirit, roaming free, and unconfined,  
In thought or dream; and somehow even Fate  
Half tells her secret at the boundary gate  
Through broken flashes or foreshadowings  
blind.  
Life hath its vision, although knowledge fails:  
We stand like those who, from a lofty place,  
Discern at times the gleam of sunlit sails,  
Or think they do, far off, on ocean's face,  
When o'er the mist the fitful wind prevails,  
And blows it backward for a little space.

## THE WHITE NORTH

So the long quest is ended, and once more  
The indefatigable will of man  
Hath triumphed! Neither flood, nor frost,  
nor span  
Of trackless waste, nor silence, nor the roar  
Of storm availed to turn him from his steady  
fast plan.  
Has man, then, dared the utmost that he can,  
With no worlds left to conquer and explore?  
Nay, thou must still fare onward, O my soul,  
Through perilous seas, perchance, or deserts  
broad,  
Fare farther than to any earthly pole,  
Hearing the voice that cries o'er ways untrodden:  
"Endure, endure: thine is the nobler goal,  
To stand undaunted face to face with God."

# THE LORDS OF LIFE

## I

### THE LORDS OF LIFE

AGAIN the Night with her majestic grace  
Comes sweeping through the chambers of the  
sky,  
And now begin the dark-winged Hours to fly  
Far up in heaven. Look yonder: where you  
trace  
That silver world float softly into place,—  
Down-looking on us like a conscious eye,—  
The Lords of Life, that offer or deny  
The things we long for most, rise out of space.  
Hush! influence is raining from the signs  
To mould the lives of all who dwell below;  
The forces working in the air's deep mines  
Are now resistless; if they will it so,  
A grain may balance Alps and Appenines,  
A spider's thread take the great globe in tow.

## II

### JUPITER

How calmly, and with what a shield of light,  
The powerful sovereign of the earth and air  
Is winding up the blue Olympian stair  
Into the realm of the imperial night!  
No longer hurling from his dizzy height  
The twisted bolt that sets the world aglare,

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Nor fiercely driving the dark clouds that bear  
The thunder-stone to startle and affright,—  
But shining as a star adown whose ray  
Glides what is salutary, what is worth  
More than aught else upon the natal day  
Of beings destined to a mortal birth:  
For Jove is kind, and with benignant sway  
Rules, loving all the dwellers of the earth.

### III

#### SATURN

BEWARE! His eye is not less stern and cold  
Than that of her who cuts the fatal thread;  
Arrows of mischief in his beams are shed,  
Disease and death that seek the guarded fold;  
And treason flourishes, and hate grows bold.  
His light was in the spaces overhead  
When Cæsar fell at Pompey's statue dead,  
And Father Tiber trembled as he rolled.  
Pity the child that opens now its eyes  
For the first time and meets that baleful  
stare;  
Pity the ship that out of harbor flies,  
If Saturn reigns, although the winds be fair;  
Good fortune withers at the root and dies  
While that large planet travels through the  
air.

IV  
MARS

AND who is this that comes with awful pace,  
Red-handed like a slayer, and appears  
To glare the fiercer for my sudden fears?  
Gradivus, worshiped in the land of Thrace!  
The Strider, armed with battle-ax and mace,  
Before whose step the cornfields sprout with  
spears,  
And clouds for rain drop blood and women's  
tears,  
Till earth wears stains that heaven may scarce  
efface.  
'Tis he that battled with a mighty hand  
And led the hosts, when in their courses so  
The stars fought Sisera; he bears the brand  
That levels noble cities, and his blow  
Doth make a shudder run from land to land.  
Thank God, his hour is passing; let him go!

V  
VENUS

ANOTHER light now climbs the purple steep  
Of heaven where thou holdest on thy way,  
Immortal star! Soon following will the day  
Thrust up a shining arm and beckon sleep  
From eyelids that remember not to weep  
Beneath the influence of thy sweet ray:  
Lo, they that need thee do not vainly pray

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Thy orbèd splendor hanging in the deep,—  
O Star of Love! named with the name she bore,  
Who like a star rose flashing from the foam  
That sings at morning round Cythera's shore;  
Who gave her exiles hope and led them home:  
Shine on, and cheer the hearts that else were  
sore,  
While o'er life's toiling wave they seek their  
Rome.

## VI

### MERCURY

I SEE him cross the empty fields afar,  
Along a pathway growing slowly dim;  
His shining circle runs so near the rim  
Of that vast wheel which bears Apollo's car,  
Behold, the greater splendor mounts to mar  
The lesser; in my glass there seems to swim  
A merest globule answering to him;  
Now lost — a wavering and uncertain star!  
Mercurius! who sets the final seal  
To weary eyes; who goes and comes again,  
Bearing the messages of woe and weal:  
Now wrathful like a lion in his den,  
Now melting to the pitiful appeal  
That mutely rises from the homes of men.

VII

"THE LORDS HAVE PASSED"

THE Lords have passed; within their silent  
bound

No man may say how runs the loom of fate,  
Nor what the threads are that will soon or  
late

In human life be strangely interwound.  
Those mighty planets, that move round and  
round

Forever and behold our low estate,  
Have wrought their will, while we, as men who  
wait

And listen, catch no faintest sign or sound.  
Roll on, O stars, and give us what you may,—

Exile and want, or home and wedded wife;  
Take what you will: our will is to obey;  
All that you have were scarcely worth our  
strife;

For we are children of a summer's day:  
Why should we quarrel with the Lords of  
Life?

## THE SONNET

Art gave it us as Nature doth a shell:  
It holds the murmurings of the infinite deep  
Of mind and thought; through its small  
arches creep  
The voices born about the sacred well;  
Here love and life their secret visions tell;  
And souls of old forgotten things that sweep  
In music low along the shores of sleep,  
Do haunt its chambers with some potent spell.  
Whate'er the seas have whispered to the lands  
A shell repeats; this sings the heart's own  
lay.  
But when I raised it dripping from the sands  
To bear it to my cabinet, woe the day!  
The tiny treasure brake within my hands,  
And all the music fled from it away.

## L'ENVOI

THE blue above immeasurably deep,  
And blue around for many a shimmering mile,  
Where sky and sea unbosom all they keep,  
In open secret, to the lonely Isle,—  
Yea, as of old, when Christ's Apostle came,  
And saw, and heard — there all things are the  
same.

O Isle of Visions, shall there be again  
The open vision ever? Are the days  
So evil that among all living men  
None may interpret now the light that strays  
Still earthward through the thin and wavering  
screen,—  
None say, in rapt assurance, "I have seen"?

The cloud-built City — built of all things rare —  
The many voices breaking on the shore,  
The trumpets that run, blowing, down the air,—  
These baffle our dull senses; evermore  
We look and listen, and remain unstirred,  
Waiting for some one who has seen and heard.

Perhaps he sleeps; perhaps the dream is on  
Of things that were, and are, and still shall be,—  
Stars, swords, white horses, piercèd hands; anon  
The River and Tree of Life, and no more sea.  
He will proclaim it, ere the age go quite,—  
Our Poet, when the Angel whispers, "Write."

For he will find in common sights and sounds —  
More keen than we to listen and to look —  
Beauty and truth from the eternal bounds,  
And he shall write them in his own new book,  
And be the prophet-poet of our choice,  
O Island of the Vision and the Voice!









